# POETRY OUT LOUD



# Seen Through a Window

#### **By David Ferry**

A man and a woman are sitting at a table.
It is supper time. The air is green. The walls
Are white in the green air, as rocks under water
Retain their own true color, though washed in green.
I do not know either the man or the woman,
Nor do I know whatever they know of each other.
Though washed in my eye they keep their own true color.

The man is all his own hunched strength, the body's Self and strength, that bears, like weariness, Itself upon itself, as a stone's weight Bears heavily on itself to be itself. Heavy the strength that bears the body down. And the way he feeds is like a dreamless sleep. The dreaming of a stone is how he feeds.

The woman's arms are plump, mottled a little
The flesh, like standing milk, and on one arm
A blue bruise, got in some household labor or other,
Flowering in the white. Her staring eye,
Like some bird's cry called from some deepest wood,
Says nothing of what it is but what it is.
Such silence is the bird's cry of the stone.

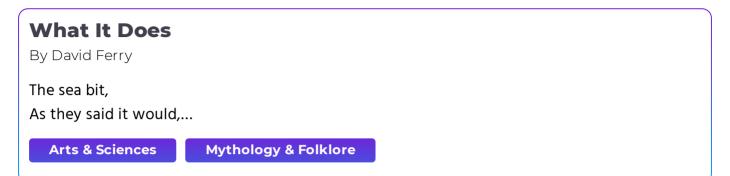
Source: Poetry (July 2011)

#### **Poet Bio**



David Ferry was born in Orange, New Jersey. He served in the Air Force for three years and became sergeant before matriculating at Amherst College, where he earned a BA, and then continuing at Harvard where he earned a PhD. After graduating, Ferry began teaching at Wellesley College, where he was a member of the faculty for over fifty years. Well-known as a translator of some of the world's major works of poetry, he is also a prize-winning poet in his own right, including the 2011 Ruth Lilly Poetry Prize from the Poetry Foundation.

### **More By This Poet**





By David Ferry

It is an afternoon toward the end of August:

Autumnal weather, cool following on,...

Activities

**Arts & Sciences** 

Living

#### More Poems about Activities

#### **Sestina in Prose**

By Katharine Coles

It was like climbing a mountain to those of us who'd climbed one. To the others, it was like, I suppose, something else. In other words, we let everybody find her own figure of speech....

**Activities** 

**Arts & Sciences** 

**Nature** 

# **Town of Frijoles**

By Ray Gonzalez

In the town of frijoles, men eat their meals without...

**Activities** 

Nature

Relationships

### More Poems about Living

#### **Dragons**

By Devin Johnston

We gathered in a field southwest of town, several hundred hauling coolers...

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**Mythology & Folklore** 

# **How to Triumph Like a Girl**

By Ada Limón

I like the lady horses best, how they make it all look easy,...

Living

Nature

**Social Commentaries** 

#### **BROWSE POEMS ABOUT LIVING**

# **More Poems about Relationships**

#### **Trace Evidence**

By Charif Shanahan

When I say But mother, Black or not Black,

Of course you are polyethnic, your look does not change...

Relationships

**Social Commentaries** 

# "Un Tintero," Inkwell

By Desirée Alvarez

Anger is the other person inside mi garganta, my throat....

**Arts & Sciences** 

Living

Relationships